

Ouyang Yu

Christmas, 1993

every thought of coming christmas is marred by a desert of days
of doing-nothingnism

you find yourself lying more and more on a breathing bed
and gaze out the window at enormous clouds that never go away

or a boundless space of blue netted in the trees
framed in the corner of a window

all the things are happening the birds the grass the insects
the trees the cars the trees the cars except yourself

people are all gone leaving death to the city
to you to the christmas

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